

AGE OF PROGRESS

The development of Spiritual Truth is the achievement of human freedom.

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WHOLE No. 80.

The Time has Gone by.

Yes, spiritualists—yes, skeptics—yes, persecuted ones—yes, persecutors, the time has gone by for many things which have been, but which never should have been.

The time has gone by when faith in a religion, established by law, was enforced by the stake and the faggot. Dark, fearful and horrible as are those laboratories, whence comes the religious unction in which two thirds of the souls of Christendom are bathed, the expiatory stake and faggot have fled from the face of progress, even in its infant incipency.

The time has gone by when men, women and mere children were hanged and drowned and burnt for witchcraft, as they were in this country, under the sanction of the church, by those who had fled from the religious tyrannies of the old world. But although the time has gone by for the actual perpetration of these atrocities, in the name of God, the spirit which prompted the law and its enforcement, is still latent in souls similarly constituted, and becomes active on all occasions in which an opportunity is offered for intolerance to manifest itself.

The time has gone by, in this country, when it was blasphemy, in law, to deny that a mortal man was Almighty God, and that the Jews put that Almighty God to death. Not only the fabulousness of this story, but its extreme absurdity, is becoming apparent to the general mind; not because that general mind is radically so much superior to what it was in other days, but because the gyves which had been fastened upon all its limbs, have been falling off, from generation to generation, and from year to year, till it begins to feel and exercise the right to think for itself, and to analyze, examine and test whatever is presented for its acceptance.

The time has gone by, in this country, when men possessing enlightened minds, to which the idea that God was merely an omnipotent Nero, was revolting, did not dare to speak their sentiments. *Now* and *here*, mind has become so much more enlightened and free, that such men no longer speak in whispers, and that to none but confidential friends. Such men, now, do not stand aghast at the anathemas of the church, nor cower like guilty things, under the scowl of the prelate's brow.

The time has gone by, in this country, when any but those imported minds, who have been hampered, hooded, crippled dwarfed and besotted by Romanism, can be made to believe that the pope, the bishop or the priest holds the keys of heaven, and no one can get there without their intercession and guidance. And O, may God and His ministering angels grant that the cramping, stinting and hateful tyranny, exercised over even these, may soon be made to feel the potency of heaven's true and beautiful philosophy, and that they, too, may embrace the spirit of redemption and become free.

The time has gone by, spiritualists, when you had need—if you ever had—to hesitate for a safe reply, when arrogantly required to declare what your sentiments were, in relation to the Harmonial Philosophy. So widely have the angels spread that beautiful, beautifying, peace-promoting and love-inspiring philosophy, that you may now raise your voices in its favor, fearlessly and anywhere, and it will reach the ears of those who will unite their voices with yours, and re-echo your sentiments in the face of the most austere bigotry, fearless of its frowns and denunciations.

The time has gone by when free-minded spiritualists can be intimidated and made to renounce the faith—nay, the *knowledge*, upon which

their certainty of immortality is based, by threatened withdrawal of patronage from their business or profession, or by any intimation that they will be excommunicated from church organizations of which they remain members. Freedom of thought, freedom of conscience, freedom of expression and freedom of action, are characteristics of spiritualized minds; and all attempts to put down the spiritual philosophy, or stop its onward march, by persecutions of any description, will rather augment its power than weaken it—rather add swiftness to its feet than to cripple its energies.

The time has gone by when honest investigators had need—if they ever had, to be cautiously sly, lest their relatives, friends, neighbors and church brethren should find it out. The investigation of any philosophy, phenomenon or subject of thought, never was a thing which a rational mind should be ashamed of; and, although religious orthodoxy and its adhering forces have used all the means in their power to bring reproach and ridicule upon the phenomena and the philosophy of spiritualism, and make feeble minds ashamed of the glorious gospel which the angelic hosts of heaven are promulgating through the earth, not one who is worthy of receiving the smallest message from a spirit—not one who is worthy to hear even a single rap, will be retarded for a moment in their investigations, by such endeavors, or have an evidence of shame produced thereby, upon their faces, except for the ignorance, folly and baseness of the minds thus employed.

The time has gone by when the sneers and sarcasms of all the hosts of orthodox bigotry, superstitious ignorance and moral baseness, can excite any emotion, in the mind of a true spiritualist, but that of pity and contempt for the puny and slavish spirit which prompts them.—Every such sneer and every such sarcasm, is heard by friendly spirits who attend those who utter them; and every one of them inflicts a pang upon the disembodied guardian, who is constantly striving to impress the miserable delinquent with better principles, better motives and better feelings; and every one of them adds to the long catalogue of follies for which the offending spirit will have to suffer, either in this life or the next; not by special punishment, but by the natural and unavoidable effect of violated law.

The time has gone by for well constituted minds to receive gross absurdities for rational philosophy, or the fabrications of human ignorance for the eternal truths of God, merely because they were bound up in the same volume with admitted facts of history and genuine spiritual communings, of ancient ages, by direction of the murderer Constantine and his council of Roman prelates. The Reason of the present age—the God-element in man, spurns the mandate of that wicked emperor and those corrupt and ignorant cardinals, to accept as truth that which is obviously false, merely because they labelled it "The word of God."

The time has gone by, at least for rational and free minds in this country, to be guilty of that worse than pagan idolatry, the worship of a book, manufactured by human hands, and the substitution of a member of the human family, for the Omnipotent Architect of the universe—the great merciful and loving Father of all spirits—the infinite God, as an object of adoration. Would to heaven that the time had gone by for the practice of christian idolatry, in all its abominable phases, shapss, varieties and influences, and for Mammon to reign supreme in the human heart.

The time has gone by for the hosts who marshal themselves under the banner of orthodoxy and materialism, to fight, with any hope of

success, against the angelic legions who are engaged in propagating the Harmonial Philosophy throughout the earth. They and their gowned leaders would do well to profit by the warning of Gamaliel, who exhorted just such persecuting spirits as they are, to beware lest they be found fighting against God.

Finally, the time has gone by for spiritualists to concern themselves about what is said or thought of them and the holy cause which they advocate, by those who open their mouths in impotent wrath, and belch forth lying accusations and malicious calumnies, which will recoil upon their own heads. Commiseration for their ignorance and baseness, and the light of truth to lead them out of the foul marshes of error, are due to their condition, from every spiritualized mind. These let them have, and trust to the bright messengers of love who hover over them, to stimulate them to more rational action, and lead them forth to the work of repentance, the acceptance of wise counsel and the embrace of truth.

Let us Preach.

TEXT.—What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

Let it be the province of self-seeking divines, to twist and torture the scriptures, so as to make them square with the creeds by which their souls are fettered, and sanction the religious errors and prejudices which a false theology has implanted in the minds of those from whose purses they draw their salaries. Let the mere creed-man pore, in nightly vigils, over texts and commentaries, to find evidence that his is the only true faith, and that all who hold conflicting sentiments, are the heritage of satan. Let the sectarian controversialist delve in the desolated gardens of classic or heathen literature, and, from the roots which he finds there, trace their branches, in their sinuous and disjointed track through a hundred ages, in the most of which gross ignorance and blind superstition combined to make human intellect worse than a blank, and to degrade human reason below animal instinct, till he arrives at proof positive, according to his own showing, that sprinkling is or is not necessary to the salvation of souls, and that the Creator did or did not, to please himself and to advance his own glory, predestine a majority of his children to eternal damnation. Let all such as are hired to preach, having a specific limitation of faith and conscience marked out for them, enjoy all the liberty of sentiment and speech allowed by the canons, within which their minds are incarcerated. But let not any of these deny to the moralist the privilege of entering all the treasure-houses of thought and wisdom, and taking therefrom whatever he may deem useful to him, in his labors to develop the mind, improve the condition and advance the happiness of his fellow-man.

Not deeming it useful to our present purpose to enter into controversy on the subject of the soul's constituent elements, with those learned philosophers who have thoroughly analyzed metaphysics and reduced psychology to a demonstration, we will accept the doctrine that the immortal part of man is a duality, consisting of a celestial and a terrestrial element; the celestial, being a scintillation from that all pervading divinity, which is the soul of the universe; the other, the instinctive intelligence which man possesses in common with the animal tribes.

Let us say that the spark of divinity which is implanted in the human sensorium, readily unites with the infant instinct, and the soul thus formed grows with the growth and strengthens with the increasing strength of its physical tenement. This growth of the soul commences, as we have hinted, in the infancy of the body, and may be promoted and accelerated by the culture which it receives from the hands of those to whose care and tutelage it is entrusted; or it may be so retarded and so warped for want of proper culture, which consists in carefully eradicating all the noxious passions, those poisonous weeds which choke its growth and rob it of its sweetness, that when the period of its pupillage is past and it becomes its duty to assume its own guidance, it will be a mere pigmy of its kind, or, perhaps so much of a

Belial in its propensities, that infamy here and long grovelling in darkness hereafter, will be its destiny. At all events, a soul thus neglected and maltreated, in infancy and youth, will be many ages in the rear of properly trained spirits, in the whole march of eternity, other circumstances being equal.

Now let us turn our attention from souls in pupillage, to those who have arrived at manhood, and assumed the responsibilities of self-government. We will take a young man who has been properly tutored through infancy and youth, and is blest with a soul of goodly dimensions and amiable qualities, and consider what perils will lurk in his path through his whole pilgrimage on earth, till death dissolves his connection with the flesh, and puts the enlarged soul upon the highway of its eternal destination. It is well understood that the enemies of the human soul, here on earth, are the evil passions by which it is continually beset; and inasmuch as time will not allow us to consider more than one of these, in this discourse, we will take the one which is the most baneful to the soul; and this all will admit is *AVARICE*.

Such a young man as we are exhibiting, is yet uncontaminated by any of the propensities or passions which fail not to cramp and distort the soul, turn it aside from its upward aspirations, and impart to it a retrograde tendency. He steps out into the world, looks around him, and sees men and women apparently happy in the enjoyment of all the gaudy trappings and luxurious abundance which he knows that nothing but wealth can procure; and he sighs deeply as he soliloquizes: Let me but make myself master of the necessary wealth, and the full fruition of this most enviable state of sublunary bliss, will be mine too.—Here poor mole-eyed humanity beholds the glaring exterior which wealth paints with gorgeous colors, but sees not the stomach surfeited and sickened with rich dainties; searches not the hearts which are writhing and rankling with mutual jealousies, envyings and hatred; feels not the sufferings of the laboring poor, whose hard earnings have contributed the accumulations of wealth upon which these worthless ones are rioting, and pauses not to compare the relative happiness of a life devoted to those duties which domestic relations, philanthropy and religion enjoin, and one wantonly wasted in idleness, frivolities and soul-debasing sensualities.

On the moment in which our deluded youth finishes his soliloquy, an exotic from the regions infernal strikes deep into the soil in which his hitherto expanding soul has been thriving, takes root immediately, and proves from the rapidity of its growth that it is indeed the soul's direst enemy, *Avarice!* The affrighted tenant recoils at the fearful proximity of its deadly foe; pale and trembling, it beholds the fatal plant shoot up and luxuriate; feels the blighting effect of its exhaling poison; withdraws to the farthest recess of its tenement; droops and shrivels with anguish, and never expands or flourishes more.

The deluded one is now totally absorbed in a single idea. He will have wealth, and he devotes himself exclusively to its acquisition.—Conscience, which is the soul's prime minister, becomes feebler as its principal declines under the withering influence of its potent adversary, and soon its remonstrating voice is heard no more. He lays hold of every kind of business by which he can make money. He purchases a lien upon a poor man's house and lot, pushes it to a sale, bids off the property at a fourth of its value, and turns a ruined and helpless family out of doors.

By this act his wealth is augmented, but it has annihilated no inconsiderable portion of his suffering soul. He pays his poor laborers in orders on merchants, with each of whom he has an agreement that twenty per cent. shall be deducted when he pays. Here another portion of his soul disappears. He wets the leather which he has for sale three times each week; and at each time a considerable paring of his soul is taken off. He tips the weighing beam to make ninety pounds pass for one hundred; and another segment departs from the sufferer. He keeps a pound weight in his small scales to prevent his customers from perceiving the advantage in the balance which his goods enjoy, and weighs a heavy sheet of straw paper with four ounces of eight shil-

ling tea; at each of which acts the agonized in-dweller shrinks materially. He stretches his cloth as he applies it to his shortest yard-stick, and gathers back part of it by the roll of his thumb. He piles his wood in the form of lattice work, and takes care that the rotten sticks are all concealed. He dashes his short pound of beef into the scale with a falling force which lifts the weight, and snatches it out before honest gravitation has time to expose the trick. He measures his grain in a re-bottomed half-bushel, and whisks out a quart by the quick motion of his strike. All these villainies he practises continually, with a thousand others not enumerated; and his miserable wreck of a once portly and well-doing soul is thereby reduced to such a ghastly skeleton, that an angel would blush to introduce it into paradise.

The subject of these remarks has now become immensely wealthy; but the coveted enjoyment which was his first incentive to accumulation, has ceased to possess any charm for him. Avarice has absorbed the whole man. It cries continually in his ears *more! more! more!* This desire to accumulate has grown to such a mania, that he cannot for a moment endure any other thought. He cannot sleep for fear of fire and burglars. He shuns every old friend who is about to meet him in the street, for fear he will apply to him for pecuniary aid. His absorbing passion gnaws upon his vitals. His health declines. His soul, which, under better auspices, might have been a ministering spirit to the children of earth, and dwelt eternally in the companionship of saints and angels, is now totally annihilated, with the exception of the infinitesimal spark of the divine essence which was to have rendered his soul immortal. This is waiting with longing desire to be released from its loathsome prison.

He is dead—the spark has flown, and, if the philosophy which we use for the present occasion, is true, it has merged in the great body of divinity whence it emanated, and nature has been defeated in this attempt to produce an immortal individuality. He gained much of the world, lost his own soul, and what has it profited him? Nor will pinching, skinning, grinding, soul-corroding avarice ever profit any one of God's children. Beware! O, beware! you who are taking all advantages of your brother man and sister woman, to hoard up wealth, and who contribute nothing to the improvements of the age, to the betterment of general humanity, or to the aid of the afflicted and depressed. Remember that your soul is wasting away, and the fate of him whom we have feebly depicted will be yours.

Lecture No. 16--By Stephen R. Smith.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM—REPUBLICED.

CHARITY IS KIND AND COMETH OFTEN.

Philosophy leads the inquirer into the living and interior principles of whatever is presented for investigation; and the highest form of philosophy—a form which embraces all the modifications and perfections of preceding forms, is that philosophy which teaches men to be charitable, tender and gentle toward the entire embodiment of mind, in earth or in heaven. The internal part of the nature of man, is the supremely important part to understand and cultivate, as all of his out creations depend upon the interior for their existence and beauty.—Man needs to understand the sympathetic and homogeneous tendencies of his own spirit, and how to unite those tendencies with corresponding ones concentrated in his brother, before he can base the complete harmonization of mind, of interests and wishes upon individual sympathy. From the parental fount of all form and order—of all that beauty and perfectness which environ the intelligent individual, comes charity in all its gentleness, while, in its beauteous form, divinity marks its bright mission among the uncharitable of earth. Convolving circumstances and inner and outer influences act upon and mould the individualism and form of mind and body, the moment they enter upon the stage of being, and through all succeeding stages of human or spiritual being. Charity constitutes a part of the life of Deity, and is disseminated and diffused through all things in existence. Every thing, according to its

capacity, is a receptacle of this principle, is moved and sustained by it, and there is nothing it does not penetrate. The gross materials which compose physical nature, are associated and vitalized by the principles charity teaches. No principle without life, can assimilate with the human organization; but the visible and palpable part of nature will associate itself with similar substance in his constitution, as man is outwardly constituted of everything found in the construction of nature. The invisible and impalpable, or spiritual, part of all things, will gravitate to a corresponding principle in spiritual forms, and attract kindred elements which are contained in every form of spiritual organization. Charity is Love and is the great central spring which unfolds, protects, and develops the individual mind, because it not only contains every other higher element and attribute undeveloped, but gives force and active energy and motion to all the minute and various modifications of feeling and sentiment. The mind is mapped out by passions and sentiments, and there must be a philosophy of principles that will harmonize these passions and sentiments of the outer with the interior individuality.

Unconsulted and unsolicited, the human construction is ushered into a physical nature, while there is an infinite contrariety of physical developments, each representing the various elements, which act upon and enter into and disseminate through respective constitutions. Thus we find man physically and inwardly dependent upon the charity of finer elements, which, through the palpable and visible laws of God refine his being. It is incontrovertibly demonstrated that man is the noblest work of God, and that, in his physical, and in the individualized action, of his spiritual organization, all the innumerable processes of nature were instituted; and science compels men to this concession, that man is in and of the divine mind—that he is a microcosm—that he lives and has his being in the unbounded expanse of His spirit. Then, can man be born without a spring of action—without a divinity—without an affection—a mere empty vessel, through which goodness or evil may flow in a wide channel and forcible current, as *his will* determines? The reasoning mind knows that, by the mysterious workings of the elements of the interior self, that impulse, change, progression and desires, were born with the spirit and human body, into the material existence. By various processes of change, the matter composing the body and spirit, at their birth, falls off, commingling with the gross elements of finite being. So it is with the universe you inhabit; the refuse material will fall back, and new structural worlds or universes will be developed; but an eternity of time will glide away, and your universe will still roll on in its silent majesty, unmolested by the external actions and forces of outward nature, before this reconstruction will be complete.—Every individuality being formed upon earth, is replete with the finer elements originating from your universe; and every physical birth takes so much matter from your world, while finer matter, from the central universe, supplies its place. Thus you have a being and an individuality formed, while at the same time, there is a new birth somewhere in your universe. And in every constitutional change of the physical being, matter is eliminated from your world and infused into that organization, and its loss is supplied and it is made still more perfect and complete, by finer matter rolling from the deep ocean of eternity into the bosom of your own universe.

Then we discover that the entire embodiment of matter into physical nature, is wholly dependent upon the laws and power of God—upon the charity He offereth to man, in all the beauty of its divine goodness. Spirit is refined and interior, but matter is gross and external. And, to create a spirit replete with goodness, amiability, charity and kindness the parent spirit must have its mental constitution illuminated by the virtues and characteristics of the Divine Parent. If material worlds cease to give birth to new creations, no mind can logically conclude where the myriads of human individualities can exist in the solitudes of immensity. There is no final destination—no dying out of elements of matter or spirit, for they are progressive from eternity to eternity. If material creations of universes should disorganize and fall back into

their original vortex of chaos, or chaotic condition, mind will be led to inquire where is the *spirit* gone which once illuminated the world.—There must be a habitation for the spirit; and after passing through its final material transition, it undergoes an angelic discipline, by which every bad impression or deformity made by the physical being upon the spiritual self, is removed, and perfect beauty reigns where deformity once physically existed.

We find the laws of structural arrangements—of association and gravitation, to be the first laws acting upon being. Then comes the law of progression or refinement; and the law of development is next in train, and exhibits its power in inner creations. All inductive sciences and philosophy refer the mind to what is the first cause, which caused this Mighty Cause. These interrogations are ever welling up from the troubled depths of the philosophic mind; but I judge from interior cause and effects, that there is no mind, separate as an individual from God, that can, from external and internal indications, know what caused God. The man may, from experience, know the cause of his birth; but he cannot give you the *principles* of it. This is an abstract subject, and spirits can never inform mortal man of the cause of God. Thus it is but a momentary thought, when man argues who made God. For he returns at the close of his argument, to the point whence he first started. It is equally useless for spirits to try to grasp this incomprehensible subject as it is for man to strive to grasp it, for it is as far from their reach spiritually, as the stars are remote from the physical grasp. Then it is essential that man should be charitable towards spirits, when they bring forth what man may call infidel ideas; for have not spirits been privileged to study and investigate by the same laws that privilege mortal man to know for himself?

If poor undeveloped spirits, who are mentally deformed by grossness come to you and use imprecations and assume false names, or if they tell you they will harm you, let the angel of charity fold its white wings over your fearing bosom, and teach you the lessons of angelic or spiritual discipline. Repulse not such spirits from your immediate presence, for it is as uncharitable as it is for you to curse the drunkard or desert the friendless. Be charitable towards the immortals, and forget not that time will soon waft your spirit to the land of refreshing glory, when you may seek your earthly friends to assist you in your spiritual improvement. Charity, whether pulsating in cold magnificence, or chained by material bonds, in the cells of the dungeon, or imprisoned in the miser's dark and selfish heart, or whether its influence is felt on the shores of the inner world, where, in peace rolls the ocean's tide, and immortal angels sit on the yielding wave, chanting songs to mortal man; charity is the same. It is God—it is Love. It is meek and peaceful—tender and gentle. It throws its influence out upon the world, like the fragrant breath of heaven, as it heaves the bosom of nature with emotions and elements flowing through a peaceful channel, from the springs of immortality. Let charity fill your souls with a calm trust and a solemn and serene joy. Look deeper into the inherent promptings and follow it forth in its unbounded meanderings. Let it not meet a chilly reception. Let the miasma that shrouds the real man in fatal darkness, leaving him a skeleton of what should be, become removed by the angel of charity, and baptize the human soul in the gushing fount of immortality. Charity is a lesson to be learned. Man must bring it home to illuminate the deserted soul, and to give it hope of its life beyond the valley of change. Why should God, the great Infinite Parent, send immortal spirits, whose bosoms burn with demon hate, to to the deluded mortal mind? Here let me pause and say to you kindly, in my unwonted tone, here is where charity tries to come. If mind cannot analyze the component parts and specific relations of any fact, whether spiritual or physical, while the undeviating and majestic influence and power of change marks the instrumentalities procured to advance and promote the interest of every truth, let it pause and become self educated, that it may better appreciate the wondrous works of God. When mortals say, 'tis the devil, 'tis the devil, they utter the vilest aspersion against, not only their glad immortal friends, but against

Him to whom they kneel and pray for assistance in the hour of voiceless anguish. Bold in deed is the sway of spiritual influence. It sleeps not; but silently as the tides of an eternity roll on beyond the visible world, from the volcanic peak to the lowland valley—from orient morn to the sun-set hour, it traverses and extends to unmeasurable depths.

The uncertainty of human life and the uncertainty of a happy condition in the world on high, is but the adaptation of the spirit to higher principles. The out-flowings and influxes of man mark the distinctive exponents of his being, and can be traced to proportionate causes in the fullness of those undeviating laws which shadow forth unspeakable grandeur from the Charitable Parent—God. Charity is like the breath of morning, winged, as it were by the gentle re-echoings of celestial souls. The relationship of men are forever enduring. A monument of trust and joy towers heavenward, reaching far, far into the utmost regions of the eternal world, rolling heedlessly on through the whole universe of refined matter, up to the clearest and nearest attributes of the Deity.—Why strive to smother the fire that burns so brightly on your native hearth stones? Its warmth is not the influence of vapors arising from the misty waters of the material world, but it is as a power rising to the far off heaven, in solemn beauty. Some there are who feel this, hear it and kindly receive it. It is incorporated in heaven and unlimited by time, and embraces the widest stretch of human knowledge in its grasp. The enchanting strains from sweeter lips than mortal ones, fall on the ear of friendship and steal sweetly into the silent chambers of the soul, sending their electric thrills far into the regions of mortal nativity.

When dark and mighty powers overshadow the fate of man, the fair cerulean sky, the lightning's flash and thunder's roar, speak their genuine acknowledgment that earth is impregnable with the elements of nature; and when man looks back upon the trophies acquired by the laws of nature, he will see nature's God within himself. No man is free from misgivings that act inconsiderately upon his mind: hence we all should be charitable toward one another, and rejoice when one brother rejoices, sorrow when he is steeped in crime, and be charitable in all our acts towards weak humanity. This is our hope for human minds. Charity often comes concealed beneath mysticism of men, and towers far above the monstrosities of the past. Charity is of God.—Then let there be a universality of feeling, a ponderous weight of heavenly sentiment, that may sink the stoutest infidel heart into the unknown depths of his own existence. Receive charity from heaven; embosom it within the living temple of your own being, that you may speak its intuitive impressions from the world of eternity.

Yours,

STEPHEN R. SMITH.

Rum and Youth.

Boys how old are you? Ah! You are from fourteen to eighteen, are you? Well, we must say that we are exceedingly sorry to see you step up to the bar of the grog-shop and swallow each a glass of intoxicating liquor, and then each stick a lighted cigar in his mouth and walk off, alternately uttering puffs of smoke, vulgar witticisms and senseless profanity. It was not thus that the great men of your country conducted themselves at your age. However some of them may have fallen into bad habits in later periods of life—great is the pity that any do so—they abstained from every indulgence that could dethrone or impair the intellect in their youth, or they could never have reached the elevation to which they have soared. Ardent spirits and every kind of intoxicating beverage, is rank poison to the youthful mind.—The spirit of youth is always sufficiently buoyant, sprightly and effervescent, without these powerful stimuli which you are thoughtlessly and foolishly imbibing, in imitation of more matured bacchanalian roisterers, who are swift-footed travellers in the direct road to infamy and death.

Look, boys, at that miserable hulk of humanity who sits on that bench in the bar-room, with his clothes in tatters, his bare toes protruding

ding through his shoe-vamp, his old flapped hat hanging over his red eyes, and his head bowed down between his knees. Listen to his muttering—an occasionally emphasised oath is all that is intelligible. How would you like to become such a being as he is at his age? You laugh at him, as a thing to be the butt of mirth. Take care! On every lineament of his features, on every rag in which he is habited, on the seat which he occupies, and on every thing and circumstance pertaining to his condition, the prophetic eye can read the appalling inscription: “As you are now, so once was I—as I am now, you soon must be!”

Turn you now, and behold the senator who stands erect in the forum. See you the natural dignity and nobleness of his mien? the glow of intellectual light which irradiates his countenance? the majesty of mighty genius and conscious integrity which sits enthroned upon his brow? Hear you the powerful intonations of that eloquence which goes forth from the fountain of thought, carrying with it irresistible conviction and taking captive the minds of sages? In all these attributes of human greatness, behold the truth which is written in characters plainly legible to the eye of every rational mind: “Early grog-drinking never paralyzed the energies of my youthful mind, nor dakened with its baleful cloud the dawn of my moral morning.”

Hear Them Talk.

We love to hear ladies talk—not scold—because they can do it with so little effort. Evesdropping is esteemed disreputable; but we must not stand on nice scrupulosities when we are catering. Conversations between elderly ladies about the prospects of their daughters, &c. are frequently very interesting, and sometimes quite instructive. We will, therefore, take notes:

Mrs. A. I understand you are going to have a wedding at your house before long—is it so, Mrs. B.?

Mrs. B. Stranger things have happened. I suppose Susan and Mr. Goodenough will be married some time in the coming autumn; but you must not let her know I told you, for she intends to keep it very secret.

Mrs. A. Well, I'm sure she needn't be ashamed of it, for I understand he is a very gentlemanly young man, and is doing a good business in his profession.

Mrs. B. Yes, he is said to be a very good workman, and has as much business as he can do.

Mrs. A. *Workman!* did you say? Why, is it not Mr. Goodenough the lawyer? *Workman* is a strange term to apply to a professional gentleman.

Mrs. B. You are entirely off the track, Mrs. A.; it is not the lawyer, but the machinist. I believe they are cousins.

Mrs. A. Why, now, you astonish me. Is it possible that your daughter has chosen a mechanic for a husband? Why did she not take the lawyer?

Mrs. B. I never interfere in these matters, farther than to use my influence to guide my children's choice to respectability of character, and to a prospect of living comfortably in the world. I must say, however, that the choice she is about to make, pleases me much better than the one you propose.

Mrs. A. Well, there is no accounting for tastes, sure enough. For my part, I should never have consented for one of my daughters to marry a mechanic. I have three daughters married; one to a lawyer, one to a physician, and one to a merchant. But, thank fortune, neither of them has stooped so low as to accept a mechanic for a husband.

Mrs. B. I am as much surprised at your remarks as you are at my taste and my daughter's. And since you speak freely, you will allow me the same privilege, I hope.

Mrs. A. Certainly, Mrs. B.; and I hope you will not be offended with the liberty I take with you. What I say is in pure friendship for you, and from the anxiety I feel for your daughter's welfare.

Mrs. B. Well, so I will understand it, then. Now listen to my reasoning on the subject: You know as well as I can tell you, that the

learned professions are so lumbered with young men who are prompted to that choice by the same pride which actuates you, that success is out of the question with any but those who possess superior genius; which you know falls to the lot of but one in fifty. And what is a mediocre professional gentleman? Look at your own sons-in-law—do you not have to contribute the greater part of the means which keeps them in the circle of fashionable society? You know you do. Why is this? It is because they are young men of but ordinary natural abilities; and although they might have become good workmen at some honorable and profitable handicraft, by which they could have succeeded very well, they can never hope to rise to eminence in their professions.

Mrs. A. Let me interrupt you a moment. You acknowledge, then, that it takes less mind for a mechanic than it does for a professional gentleman. A very honest admission, and one which I hope will justify my preference. You will further admit that the man who is a mechanic can never rise higher than the grade of a mechanic, let his genius be what it may; whilst the professional gentleman may look to the highest elevation to which man can aspire. Look at the catalogue of our great men—are they not all professional gentlemen, with a very few exceptions?

Mrs. B. You misapprehend me. I meant to be understood that a mechanic, though not possessed of distinguishing genius, can still pursue an employment which will procure a subsistence for himself and family; whilst a mediocre professional gentleman can not succeed in a sufficient degree to keep up the appearance of gentility, which the pride of his profession imposes upon him; much less do that and provide a comfortable subsistence for his family. Mind is, indeed, much more necessary to distinction in the mechanic arts, than it is in the practice of law or physic. Your lawyer and physician only require retentive memories, to avail themselves of the accumulated knowledge of ages, which is all treasured up in books and laid before them. Look what the science of mechanism has done for mankind within a few years. Contemplate the thousands of floating palaces which glide with the speed of the reindeer through all our waters, each bearing a thousand tons burthen. Look, also, at the long train of railroad cars, flying through the country with a thousand passengers and as many tons of merchandise, at the rate of from twenty to fifty miles per hour. Take your lawyer and your doctor and show them the machinery which accomplishes all this, and ask them to explain the principles upon which they are constructed, their operations in detail; and then ask them what farther improvement is necessary to enable them to accomplish still greater wonders. The mechanic can explain it all, and can suggest improvements, whilst your professional gentlemen stand in mute ignorance.

Mrs. A. You are dwelling on those qualities which belong only to the higher grades of mechanics. You forget that there are mediocre and inferior grades of mechanical, as well as professional genius. You can no more expect superiority in the mechanic who is to be your son-in-law, than I in my professional sons-in-law. You must not forget that there are two sides to every argument.

Mrs. B. I admit all that. But if a mechanic do not reach eminence, he can reach competency, which your experience teaches you can not be the case with inferior professional men. A man may be a good handicraft, without the ability to design great improvements. But his inferiority in this respect does not throw him and his family into the humiliating situation of dependence on friends for support.

Mrs. A. Your conclusion is, then, that professional gentlemen should take rank far below mechanics; thus reversing the order of things as it has existed from remote antiquity. Am I to understand this to be your position?

Mrs. B. Here you are once more mistaken. I do not recognize the ranks of which you speak as existing in our country at all, beyond those established by comparative genius, morals and usefulness. I esteem professional men as highly as any other class of men, when merit is equal. I can not esteem a young lawyer, physician or merchant, any the more for the choice he has made, of a calling. Nor can I well abide one of

them who has no other merit than his white hands and slim fingers; his flippant gab and slim intellect, his kid gloves and gold headed cane, who thinks these accomplishments and the name of a profession to which he does no honor, entitle him to prowl through city and country in search of a wife whose parents will deem the honor of an alliance with him a full equivalent for supporting him and his family during life. Exit.

Lecture No. 17---By Edgar C. Dayton.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM---REPUBLISHED.

THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

The individual life is impregnated with the spirit of God, and becomes an instrument which the winds of joy or sorrow may play upon, and man has his brief history of material imperfection. The heavy voice of the thunder, the shrill music of the distant forest, and the faint voice of man when in sorrow, teach you of the elementary lessons of the harmonial philosophy, and prove that even your world may be attuned to its laws of music and wisdom. By the convulsions of earth, in its transitory refinement, progression first sprang from the parent rock, and seemed for a while firmly locked within the embrace of chaos, then, mounting alpine heights, it floated through the world of vegetation, moving on for centuries, until all objects within its grasp became progressively finer each hour, ever unfolding the flowers of God upon its mossy surface, until the irresistible tides of development brought every living thing upon the shores of being, then floated onward into spheres above, where harmony is the destiny of all things. Harmony sweeps out through the opening realms of eternity, where are evolved the sources of life, from the homogeneous principle and cause; where the deep river of celestial love moves with a silent but irresistible force; where the sweet vibrations of nature's melodies sublimely and majestically peal forth, making the spirit realms resound with strains of joy, inviting man to join the universal anthem.

The sun of truth rises from the dark shadows of earth, clad in aural beauty, showing the evangel existence of the soul, where the clanking chains of eternal misery are never heard; where angels never weep; but where the dark fables of oriental history fade away beneath the waves of time, and where all heaven is found in the beautiful world on high. Inspiration, affection and true sympathy, speak from the heart of man; every faculty of his being pronounces a benediction; and the soft divine light which bathes the world, unchains the spirit from its physical home, and it flies far, far off into the realms of infinitude, where it is destined for the unbroken glory of an immortal youth. The tattered garments of outer nature, are torn off, and the robes of eternity clothe the spirits, while in their bright hands they hold the golden reins of affection, drawing each warm and sympathizing soul nearer to their own bosom, where they become an immutable oneness in truth and hope. The angel of charity comes to man, winging its way through the rugged regions of humanity, and reciprocates the low echoes of harmony that fall from mortal lips; and as youth retires into the folds of age, and as the twilight of human existence approaches, the inward sensibilities become inspired by the twin angels of charity and hope; and as outward life terminates with the last beat of the pulse, so is the soul born again into a new life, where it must learn of the constitutional growth and progressive refinement which endow the eternal form.

The laws of God have thrown open the dark recesses of earth to the rays of wisdom, shining from afar; and as the human intellectual power grapples with the unfolding truth of nature, and as man enters into the subterranean departments of nature, he can but imperfectly read the lines of science and knowledge traced upon the inner chambers of his being. He stands upon the granite rock of science, and begins to enumerate the various substances which constitute earth; he beholds the star-beams reaching from heaven to earth; he sees the various works and arrangements of the world; and from the simple ray of light, he follows on to the silent splendor which the sun gives forth when night

has passed away; and in his contemplations of a sublime creation, he wonders if man is an embodiment of eternal nature, an image of God, from which the revelations of Deity may be made known to the limited, finite mind. As new forms of existence are created from unformed materials, and brought to the verge of human life and organization, he studies for himself, by which his mind becomes adorned and enriched by the germs of science, and every thought becomes wreathed with every flower of affection and truth. Man is endowed with faculties of love and perception which are manifested in the functions of the mind. Motion and life diffuse themselves through the body and upon each clothing membrane; and his will, or executive power, has various ways of action, and his faculties act as various and innumerable manifestations of desire.

There are an infinite variety of men, and in some are developed particular qualifications. Some can bring forth truth in advance of their age, while others rely upon long fostered opinions. This is to be accounted for by the external vision being opened and the internal closed; and the other where the interior is open and the exterior is closed. Sensation often connects the spirit to external objects: this is material to every individual spirit. Man is an embodiment of all principle—he is the highest point of created matter, and the indwelling forces of his mind are as pure in the parent germ as the fountain from which the spirit life flows. Ignorance is a great barrier against a better analysis of the nature of man; but self-willed skepticism is the great obstruction to a greater knowledge of his relations and attractions—is the cause of his wandering in glooms of midnight sadness, and prevents him from discoursing upon the ever thrilling as well as melodious truths of liberty; because reason nor truth cannot touch the immortal chords of his being, telling him to never weary but look far away into the land which brings forth the flower of peace.

Wretchedness still moans from the dungeons of crime, and the whisperings of distress issue from the shattered habitations of your world, while selfish thought, phantom-like, flits away 'mid the ruins and fragments of useless speculation. A mountainous cloud hovers over the human heart, and the spirit lies hidden and powerless, lost in human solitude and folly, while religion, in its divinest form, has never lifted the curtain hanging over the archway of the soul's spiritual destiny, nor has its breath inspired man to see with reason and understanding. It has never opened the dreamy eyes of ignorance—it has never opened the spirit's impassioned gaze to the boundless pathway of truth, whose loveliness elicits the impassioned expressions of angel eloquence. It has never broken the sensual reign of the animal nature and unfolded its symbols from the regions of purest brilliancy. But time has brought crime and desolation on its wing, the wreck of many national splendors, while their memories decay upon the lifeless page of history. Then what will stop the tide of error, that man may communicate the noble thoughts conceived within? What power shall throw away the wonders and miracles of antiquity and teach man that he is the grand consummation of the material structure—that atoms of matter change and expand, and flow into higher channels and forms of being, each tending to the development of man.

Biblical religion has failed in arresting the tides of infidelity. That teaches man of scenes and circumstances buried beneath the ocean tide of time, while the harmonial philosophy brings evidence of his eternal individuality out of the very rocks, trees and flowers of earth. It proves to man an existence hereafter, and is the river that ripples unto everlasting life. Reason is a principle of the harmonial philosophy, and should be recognized as the authority of all beliefs. Men of churches exclaim that Spiritualism sprung from a low source—from undeveloped minds; but let us reflect, and we discover the whole sectarian religion to be based upon a birth in a manger. The cold unfeeling manger gave birth to a babe, or, rather, was the first place upon which those little limbs rested, and so from the manger sprung their religion, and is this a low channel, through which the truths of God may flow? Ignorance alone would claim this; but this foundation upon which sectarianism is

based, is fast decaying; and as Jesus spoke from the authority of intuition, so must his followers rely upon the same authority, before they become reconciled to the true harmony of the principles of nature.—The mind can not be chained; and though the lips may speak falsely, yet the heart speaks loudest, and men to day, who stand in the altar of worship, mocking the truths of God—teaching doctrines that will not bear the test of scientific principles, nor the rigid analysis of reason, know that they are setting up barriers of ignorance and cupidity against the spontaneous development of the soul's own true religion. The harmonial philosophy tears away the curtain which has so long hung between the origin and destiny of the finite man, and brings forth a new religion whereby to adore God—a harmless and creedless religion. A new religion of human improvement is required when the hour of real prayer may come throbbing over the soul, from which the mind may draw an imperishable education. Though the world is advancing in artificial civilization—though the red men of the forest have died like the blasted oak—though the canoe is buried, and though the quiver and bow repose in dust, and though the wigwam have been driven from nature's home, yet crime flows in fearful gloom, through the veins of your country at the present age.

From the heights of honored power to the depths of the dungeons of sorrow and woe, wrong, injustice and ignorance reside; yet man is ever hopeful that he may see the eternal banner of liberty unfurled and freedom established without his exertion. The unfeeling grave seems to be the sweetest sorrow, though wreathed in mystic solitude. It seems to lend enchantment to the heart, while the gentlest flowers adorn the silent mind; and while the evergreen sends up its tendrils, and the willow boughs hang mournfully over the cold sanctuary, all is fraught with a superstition or pensive sadness, which twines around the memory of the departed.

Man listens for a note of harmony from the nations of warfare, but nought but the dead voice of war answers him, while the rugged earth echoes back the songs of death; and where is your liberty? It has gone out from its primeval sanctuary and sits upon the eternal hills of justice, yearning to embrace the entire human family. Then what is to be done? Who and what shall arrest the flow of oppression and ignorance? A new philosophy, from God, has come to teach men that they must live naturally and glide away to the spiritual universe naturally. It throws the gloom from the grave, and proves that the natural changes are as sweet as the divine breathings of truth, and that the partially unfolded flower, or being, is not destined to be taken from its parent home to revenge upon its friends for some sin that they have committed, but that if a being in infancy is taken from its home, it is a violation of the laws of its constitution. Much, very much, is yet to be received.

What is the use or good of Spiritualism? the advocates of oriental religion ask. It is to learn you to be yourself. It is to unfold a world of meaning from every thing; to kindle the flame of celestial love upon the heart's bright altar, whose incense shall ascend from the individual soul to God. It is to show you the symbols of the past and future, where the almighty sun's kindling beams wake millions of beings to expression of praise and glory. It is to show you the true origin and destiny of man, and to prove to you that the stars in the heaven constitute not the universe more than the sparkling dewdrops of morn constitute the ocean, but that all things on earth and elsewhere, constitute the realms of immensity. It is to show you that the progression of man is not silent, but is attended by agitation—that he is the transition type, from the lowest order of vegetable, animal or mineral life, to angels. It is to dispel the gloom from the grave, and show that the spirit slumbers not on for century after century, until the day of judgment or resurrection, but rises from the old world of organized matter, to the bright home of immortality. The harmonial philosophy cultivates the inward sensibilities, and their fragrance goes forth and pervades all congenial minds. Reason awoke from the long night of creation, and incarnated the attributes of the Infinite into the human mind. Hence man's course is onward, and the new philosophy is coming like

a rolling flood, bearing on its vital and muscular waves the decaying embers of error; and ignorance is fast sinking into chaos. Truth and time sprung from eternity and continue through eternity; and when the interior self rises to that better and fairer country, it is not insensible to the bleeding heart, nor the evils of its first native land; but memory and love are the guardian angels of their being. The harmonial philosophy is a system of universal nature, material and spiritual, whose authority is immortal reason. It makes truth the supreme consideration of the mind; and if one there is who believes that the chains of eternal misery clank perpetually in heaven, let that one hang the heavens in mourning; smile no more; go away into silent solitude and hear not the music of the sparkling wave as it breaks against the shore; look not at nature and see its circling gems of beauty, but go away into the mystic shadows of oriental fables, and let angels weep because you are so destitute of reason. Though you cannot grasp the idea of a universe worthy of God, you can enjoy a clear vision of the magnitude and unutterable beauty of the universe on high.

Yours truly,
EDGAR C. DAYTON.

Sayings for Farmers.

BY DR. FRANKLIN.

Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, whilst the used key is always bright.

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

The sleeping fox catches no poultry.

He that riseth late must trot all day and shall scarce overtake his business at night.

Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

He that lives on hope will die fainting—industry needs no wish.

There are no gains without pains.

At the working man's house, hunger looks in but never enters.

Plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell or keep.

One to-day is worth two to-morrow.

Handle your tools without mittens—a cat in gloves catches no mice.

He that by the plough would thrive.

Himself must either hold or drive.

The eye of a master will do more work than both his hands. Not to oversee workmen is to leave them your purse open.

A little neglect can do a great mischief—for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for the want of a shoe the horse was lost, for the want of a horse the rider was lost.

A fat kitchen makes a lean will.

If you would be rich, think of saving as well as getting.

What maintains one vice would train up two children.

Beware of little expenses—a small leak will sink a great ship.

If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some—for he that goes borrowing goes sorrowing.

Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy.

Pride breakfasted with plenty, dined with poverty, and supped with infamy.

Lying rides on debt's back.

It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.

Creditors have better memory than debtors.

For aye and want save what you may.

No morning's sun lasts the whole day.

Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.

If you do not hear reason she will surely rap your knuckles.

He that hath a trade hath an estate; and he that hath a calling hath a place of profit and honor.

A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees.

—The late Legislature of the State of Texas has passed a law giving to Mrs. Elizabeth Crockett a league of land. She is the widow of the respected and lamented David Crockett, who, after serving his country honestly and faithfully in Congress and other places of trust, was butchered at the Alamo, nobly fighting for the freedom of Texas.

AGE OF PROGRESS.

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR.

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Buffalo Harmonial Conference.

At the circle meeting, in the forenoon of Sunday last, a Spirit took control of a German girl, of the family of Bro. T. Rathbun, of whom we have before spoken, and gave us a lecture of some twenty or thirty minutes length, and much appropriateness, good sense and moral beauty. Such a lecture, coming through such an organism, should be a convincing phenomenon, even to the most hard-headed skeptic. A young girl without any English education, with very little German education, who has never read or thought on any philosophical subject, to be thus made the uttering instrument of rich thought, sound logic and deep philosophy, is a phenomenon, in itself, which no one can account for, otherwise than on the Spiritualistic hypothesis.

In the afternoon, Prof. DAYTON spoke through Bro. FORSTER, on the subject of Education; and if he could have handled the subject as ably, when in the flesh, he must have had few or no superiors. The discourse was all that eloquence, logic and philosophy could make it; and it seemed to be well appreciated by an audience in whose sea of upturned faces, intelligence was visible.

In the evening, the Spirit of Rev. S. R. SMITH used the organism of Bro. FORSTER. He took for his text, Hosea iv.—17: Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone. The Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the Spirit poured out a torrent of eloquence for about an hour and three-quarters. And we must say that the seemingly breathless attention paid by an audience so large, for so long a time, was almost astonishing.

What evidence have we, inquired a skeptic, that this lecture came from the Spirit of Stephen R. SMITH, or any other disembodied Spirit? How can we know that it does not come from the well-stored mind of Mr. FORSTER, whose physiognomy is indicative of both intellect and talent?

We answer: There is no mortal man that can take a subject like that, and handle it as that subject was handled, through FORSTER's organism, without taking at least a week to prepare himself, and having copious notes to aid him. In this case, the lecturer went back to Saul, the successor of Samuel, and gave every important circumstance of the Jewish history, as recorded in the Bible, down to the prophecy of Hosea, embracing a period of some 150 years. From king to king he traced the history, giving names as he came to them, in their order of succession; and no circumstance of an important character, passed without special notice; whilst the medium, whose physical organism was made to substitute that one which the Spirit was divested of six years ago, had all its external senses sealed up for the time being, not having the power even to open its eyes.

Now, if all this came from FORSTER's mind, he must have studied long and closely, and committed all that history to memory; which no man could do in a month, with the most intense application. We, ourselves, could not have told a hundredth part of the facts of history which the Spirit recounted; and we know that we have more knowledge of Bible history than the medium has. Then there was the manner of S. R. SMITH, through the whole discourse, as well in the construction of language as in the management of the subject. And, at the close, there was one of his characteristic winding-up outbursts of eloquence, which no one who ever listened to him as much and as pleasurably as we have, could fail to recognize. And we must be allowed to say, in

view of these circumstances, that we are puzzled—even allowing religious prejudice its full scope—to account for the stoical indifference manifested towards the Spirit, when it returns to pour into the souls of this community the rich treasures of science and philosophical truth, which it has gathered in the Spirit realm, by those who professed to love, admire and venerate the man, when in the mortal form.

The expression of this idea, brings, to our recollection a remark once made to us, by a member of Mr. SMITH's church, who was also a constant attendant on his ministration, a warm friend to him, and a great admirer of his speaking and reasoning powers, as well as all the qualities of his mind and heart. This devoted friend, on an occasion when the veteran champion of truth had been fairly carried away in one of his sublime flights of oratorical reasoning, remarked to us: "What a pity it seems to be, that such a man should ever die."

For the consolation of his loving friend, we can assure him that his beloved pastor *never did nor never will die*. He only threw off that old worn-out garment, to be clothed with one which will never fade or wear out, but which will eternally grow more bright and beautiful. And more we can tell him, for his farther consolation: That same S. R. SMITH has returned to the scene of his former labors, with a vastly enhanced store of scientific, philosophical and Spiritual knowledge, and proportionally increased wisdom and goodness, from the great store-house of his heavenly Father, and pours it out bountifully to all his old friends who will deign to come and hear him, every Sabbath evening. That which grieves us, however, is the strange fact that this same admirer and friend disdains to come and hear him, averring that he does not believe it is he, and refusing to let his own appreciative faculties have an opportunity to examine the testimony and decide the question for him.

The Spiritual Drama.

It will be seen by a hand-bill and by notices in some of the daily papers, that our friends, Rev. URIAH CLARK and JOHN F. COLES have engaged Townsend Hall, for the purpose of allowing spirits to enact such dramatic scenes, through them, as will have a tendency to convince inquiring minds of the truth of spiritual presence and intercourse with mortals.

Before agreeing to allow these mediums to use the Hall for this purpose, the Executive Committee of the Harmonial Association submitted the question to the principal controlling spirits of this locality, for their decision. Professor DAYTON answered for himself and associates, giving consent that we might act our pleasure in the premises. His opinion was that the enactment of the spiritual drama would have a good effect on many minds, who could not be so easily reached in any other way; but he thought it should not be frequently repeated, as there are now many highly intellectual persons engaged in the investigation, whose honestly entertained prejudices against such exhibitions would turn them away from the pursuit of spiritual truth.

Since the announcement was made, the Executive Committee have conversed with many of the friends of the cause, on the subject, who have expressed their decided objection to suspending the Sunday evening lecture, for the enactment of the drama; and the Committee in consideration of this sentiment being so generally entertained, have determined that the Hall shall be occupied, on Sunday and Sunday evening, as usual.

For the Age of Progress.

MILWAUKIE, April 11th, 1856.

BROTHER ALBRO:

Dear Sir:—Your last number of the *Age of Progress* was received, dated April 5th, and seeing that my subscription is out, I herewith enclose you one dollar to renew it, for your paper is always welcome here.

I would take this opportunity of speaking of the state of Spiritualism in this City. I am happy to say the good work is progressing, far beyond our most sanguine expectations. We have Lectures by Brother S. J. FINNEY, on Sundays, in Young's Hall, the largest in the city, capable of seating 1,300 persons. On Sunday evening last, the seats were

all filled, and many standing, and a great many went away, who could not find room to sit or stand. Bro. FINNEY is very popular here, as a lecturer; but we want a good test medium here, for physical manifestations; and if any one of our good brothers would come along he could be sustained here; as we have no test mediums here yet; and the people are all anxious to see something to convince them of the great truth of immortality. There is a want of something more than lecturing to convince some minds of the truth of spirit intercourse. However, the old orthodox faith is being shaken, and many are beginning to inquire into the subject of spirit intercourse, who, before, appeared to be satisfied in believing all they heard from the pulpit to be true. Now the question is, do Spirits commune with man? If so, we want to see something to satisfy us. There seems to be a thirsting for truth.

I Remain, Dear Sir,

Yours for the Cause of Truth,

H. FREEMAN.

Two Kinds of Children.

FROM OUR OLD ELBOW CHAIR.

To exemplify the bliss enjoyed in a family which is made up of two kinds of children, we must tell the reader a story of real life:

George Slocum was a sea-faring man of one of the New England cities. When he had served an apprenticeship before the mast, he was promoted to the office of second mate, on board the ship Ocean. The next voyage of the same ship he was chief mate, and on his return he was employed by the same owners in the capacity of master of a fine brig, in the West India trade. He was now twenty-eight years old, had been economical, and felt competent to take upon himself the extra expense and the responsibilities of raising a family, to whom he could relate his sea adventures in the evening of life. He had not long to seek among the multitude of fair damsels, who are nothing loth to unite their destinies with those worthy sons of Neptune, who preserve their moral perpendicularity through all temptations and bad examples, in all parts of the world. He had long had his affections concentrated on one who was awaiting the time when he should feel himself able to leave her in comfortable circumstances, if the treacherous element should take him from her. That time had arrived, and George Slocum became a husband a few weeks before he became a captain in the American mercantile marine.

George followed the West India trade with good success, till he wisely determined to stay at home and enjoy his ample competency, and the society of his amiable wife and four fine children. This he did, and there were few happier men than George, till that fell destroyer, the consumption, manifested itself in the hacking cough, hollowed eyes and paling cheek of her whom he had fondly hoped would accompany him through his whole journey of life. We cannot dwell on the alternating hopes and fears inspired by the ever-changing symptoms of that deceptive but surely fatal malady. She died, and George was one of the most inconsolable of bereaved husbands. His grief was of that degree of intensity which must either spend itself or prove fatal in a short time. Happily for George, his grief took the former turn. He wept tears of heartfelt, bitter grief, till the fountain was exhausted and rational reflection came to his rescue. He listened to the expostulations of his friends, reflected that death was the inevitable lot of all mortals, and consoled himself with the hope that, when his term of life should expire, he should be re-united to his beloved one, in that happy land, where sickness is not known, and death can never enter.

The first and second of the four children were sons, and the third and fourths daughters. At fifty years old, George found his household reduced to four persons—himself, his two young daughters, and an old house-keeper—for his two sons had both betaken themselves to his own former profession. The elder of the daughters was eleven years old, the younger eight. The house-keeper was becoming superannuated, and some change was necessary. Captain Slocum, as may well be supposed, had many friends, and, consequently, many advisers. To the

most reliable of these he applied for advice. It would not do to employ a single woman for a house-keeper, for the tongue of slander would be ready to shed its poison upon the fair fame of both. What should he do? Should he break up house-keeping, send his daughters to boarding school, and take board himself? He could not think of this, for he remembered the dying charge of his dear departed wife, never to let these daughters go from under his own roof and care, till they should go under the care of other legitimate protectors.

The advice which he received was exactly what he hoped to receive: To take a second wife. The clergyman who had made one flesh of him and his first love, and who had christened all his children, was his most confidential friend and adviser. It was to him that he applied for advice; he it was who recommended a second marriage; not because he cared for the fee he should receive for tying the second knot, nor for any other selfish consideration—although he had a niece who had arrived at the age of twenty-three, without having found a mate, and who was dependent on him for support—he advised it solely for the good of his friend, who was lonely and disconsolate. It was the most natural thing in the world for a man thus advised by a confidential friend, to solicit the farther advice and influence of that friend, to discover who could be won, and to aid in winning her. And probably the next most natural thing in the world was for the worthy divine to think of his niece, of the expense of supporting her, of the chance which offered of getting her comfortably situated, and of relieving himself of a tax upon his pocket.

Clergymen are the most skillful match-makers in the world. Not that they make the best matches—far from it—but that they have the talent necessary to bring together incongruities which have no natural affinities. The good man promised to take his friend's case into serious consideration, and report the result of his reflections and his inquiries at their next interview. His first step was to broach the subject to his niece. She, as a matter of course, alluded objectingly to the disparity in their ages, and to the responsibilities and odium which would devolve upon her as a step mother. These objections were met with the argument, that she would probably ere long be left a wealthy widow, and that the young daughters would be taken off her hands by somebody's young sons, in the course of a few years. These arguments, it was evident, were not thrown away upon the ear of the young lady. She finally promised to think seriously on it, and to hear him farther on the following evening. She retired to her room, and betook herself to reflection. The idea of becoming the lady of one so highly respected as Captain Slocum, the deference which would be paid to her in the circle of their acquaintance, the carriage, the fine house, the rich furniture, and the future prospect of being enabled to captivate some whose hearts had proved rather frigid during her maidenhood, floated in her imagination, and before sleep shut out all the visions of her fancy, she resolved to yield, provided the old captain pressed with sufficient fervor.

At the next interview of the clergyman and the captain, the latter asked what success; and the former replied that he had made no direct overture to any one. I have been almost tempted, said he, to propose you to my niece; but I thought it best to consult you first. What do you think of it? What do I think of it, replied the captain, I think she would refuse me at once. Only look at the disparity of our ages; and then think of the charge she would have to take of my children. All that is true enough, replied the divine, and the objections would be insurmountable if you were poor as well as old. No young lady, who is not an idiot, would marry a poor old man with a family, or even without a family. But you have the means of keeping a wife like a lady, if you choose, which weighs powerfully against these objections. You are acquainted with her, and if there be no objection on your part, I shall sound my niece on the subject to-morrow. The captain was extremely grateful and was already in love. To make this part of the story short, the wedding took place at the clergyman's mansion, a week from the next Thursday.

A few evenings after the wedding, a grey-headed husband was seen

sitting on his back porch, with a blooming young bride by his side, both singing "Love's young dream," by moonlight. Everything went on beautifully; the little girls soon learned to call their father's new wife by the endearing appellation of mother; and the family was a happy one. So they might have continued, if the rule of multiplication had been left out of their arithmetic; but, unfortunately for the continuance of their felicity, a pair of twins came to the light of the world before the first anniversary of their wedding-day, and the two young girls were constantly confined to the nursery.—Now the mother's affections were wholly engrossed by her own dear babes, and now she could see a thousand faults in her two step-daughters, which she could not see before.—She soon managed to have the elder sent off to boarding-school, because she began to think of her own rights, and manifested a disinclination to be made a continual slave to the two little fondlings.

The younger sister, now ten years old, was left alone—worse than alone—for a double duty fell upon her. A large share of her father's affections was now transferred to the little pledges of his second love, and the remainder received many a quenching complaint from the step-mother. The children grew in peevishness as they grew in stature, and the half-sister could never please them with her best attentions. If one of them fell and hurt itself, Susan was immediately called to account for it, and the blame was laid to her, even if she was not within a rod of the place where the accident happened. If she was not there, she should have been there to prevent the accident; and if she was there, she wilfully caused it, out of spite; and she was a perverse little hussy, either way. If she attempted to disengage one of them from her, on any occasion, with a gentle push, it would start for its mother's room, boring its little fist into its eye, and filling its lungs to their utmost capacity, to be ready for an ear-splitting screech as it entered the door. Then would the frightened mother take her little darling in her arms, vociferating, as she patted it, "What has that ill-tempered wretch been doing to you? There, there, don't cry so—tell mother what she has done to you."

She struck me three times as hard as she could.

"There, there, don't cry, my love—I'll tell her father, and if he don't punish her for such behavior, she shall leave the house, or I will—I'll assure him that. Bridget, go and tell Captain Slocum to come in right away."

Capt. Slocum enters, and asks what the matter is.

"I'll tell you what it is, Capt. Slocum; I can no longer submit to have my children abused and beaten like dogs by that little vixen daughter of yours, and you must find some other place for her, or I shall take my children and leave the house. So now you may decide which of us shall leave."

"What has she done?"

"What has she done?—why, what she is always doing. She struck little George three times, with all her strength, for nothing under the heavens, but, for taking hold of her clothes."

"Bridget, call Susan here."

Susan enters.

"Your mother says you have been beating little George shamefully—why did you do it?"

"I have not struck him a blow. Bridget was by.—Did I strike him, Bridget?"

The mother now gives Bridget a sharp look, and she hangs her head. "Answer, Bridget," says the captain.—"Fear nobody, but speak the truth."

"Well, then," replies Bridget, "if I must tell the truth, Susan did not strike him at all. She only pushed him away when he was pulling her ruffles off, and she pushed him very gently, too."

Now all the mother and all the virago rises into the flaming face and flashing eyes of Mrs. Slocum, and she calls Bridget liar, dirty hussy, trollop, and every hard name she can think of, and orders her to leave the house immediately. For peace sake, Captain Slocum has to send his second daughter away. But peace was never more to enter his dwelling, for he and his new wife could never agree on the proper man-

ner of treating children, and where he sought to find happiness, he found misery.

Mothers who would have their children hated by every body, who has to stay in the same house with them, should listen to all their complaints, believe all they say, be angry at every one who speaks to them otherwise than lovingly, on any occasion, and charge them to tell her when they are crossed in any way whatever. And every old man who loses his old wife, and who wants to prove himself a fool and make himself miserable the remainder of his days, should marry a young woman.

Politicians.

Among the infinitude of zoological specimens which throng this mundane sphere, there is no one which is so much of a riddle, so perplexingly enigmatical, as your mere politician. Let the most astute naturalist undertake to describe him minutely, and all he could possibly do, would be to prove by his bipidity, his five toed pedestals, his perpendicular spinal column, his erect locomotion, his unreadable physiognomy, and his peculiar capability of confabulation, that he belongs to the genus homo. Beyond this he is a perfect nondescript, and science can make nothing of him. Some have attempted to compare him with the chameleon and the tree-toad, which are said to look like every thing they stand by; but this would necessarily produce a general assimilation when a number of them are together; and it is well known that no two of them ever resemble each other in any thing, excepting in their assiduous endeavors to appear more patriotic than all the other sons of Adam.

We will acknowledge that, among these, as well as among all other races and classes of men, there are honorable exceptions. But, as a general thing, the whole life of a party politician who is such exclusively, is one unrelenting and unmitigated lie. He will stand up in a public assembly, and solemnly asseverate, with his hand on his breast and his eyes ever and anon rolling upwards, that his preferences for certain measures of governmental policy, constitute the principles which sustain his very soul, and that sooner than surrender them, or deviate from them in the slightest degree, he would be broiled on a gridiron, or suffer martyrdom by any cruel tortures that the most depraved nature could devise. Then he will give it as his deliberately formed opinion, that all those who hold antagonistic sentiments to those which he professes, are enemies to their country, ripe for treason, and ready to unite with any invading foe, and wade in blood to the goal of their ambition. The next year we find him metamorphosed by some process of fermentation which has been going on in his mind, and he now sees with entirely different eyes. Certain influences have rendered the constitution a different thing entirely from what it was last year. He will acknowledge that that instrument, which he loves better than he does his life, is just what it always has been; but the twelve intervening months have exercised a wonderfully ripening influence upon his perceptive faculties. He was but fifty-four years old at the commencement of those twelve months—now he is fifty-five; and his then budding genius is now full blown. He had then studied the constitution but forty years—now he has studied it forty-one years, and its occult mysteries are all unfolded to him.

Thus magically transformed, he lays his hand where he thinks his heart ought to be, rolls his eyes heavenward, and appeals to God to witness his sincerity whilst he unblushingly assumes the position to which he would have preferred the stake and the faggot the year before. "O, how marvellous is such a change in one so wise and so pure! Those who believe that another age of miracles has commenced, or that the first one never passed away, need not look for a natural cause for such a wonderful transformation. But those who think, as we do, that all effects are produced by natural causes, and that most men's actions are governed by motives which are generated by selfishness, have only to turn back and re-peruse the few pages on which the history of the last year is recorded, and, our life for it, a cause will be discovered sufficient to account for the change and dissipate its marvellousness. The man

whose opinions have so suddenly undergone a radical change, has discovered, or thinks he has discovered, a much nearer and surer road to the goal of his ambition, and the *principle* which he would have burnt for, a year ago, becomes loathsome to him, and he embraces its antagonist with equal fervor and devotedness; and now he takes the lead in bewraying and persecuting those who remain firm in the faith which he has cast off. He was a hypocrite in his first position; he is a hypocrite still; and he will die a hypocrite. That there are honest changes in political sentiments we verily believe; but these cannot be traced to palpable and proximate influences.

Politicians may be compared to some of the vegetable tribes. Some of them bud and blossom annually, some biennially, some quadrennially and others sexennially. You have only to know what office one of them seeks, to tell what season of the year it is by his physiognomy, as well as you could by an almanac. As election time approaches, all repulsiveness disappears from his countenance, unreserved sociality buds and blossoms, and his face presents a *bouquet* of full-blown smiles to every elector.

We have serious fears that the time is near at hand when it will be as hard for an honest man to be elected to any high post of honor and trust, as it is for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven. The more we see of party politics and party politicians, the more disgusted we become with them; and we have well-nigh concluded to regard the passing smile and salutation of a candidate for office, as a reflection upon our moral integrity and an insult worthy of chastisement.

From Tiffany's Monthly.

Propositions.

Since sin can only exist in respect to that which can be affected by it, and since it cannot affect the Divine Being and government, it must be confined in its existence and action to finite and imperfect beings, and its consequences must be finite and limited.

Hence the doctrine that sin is infinite, as being against an Infinite Being, is untrue in philosophy and fact.

Hence the doctrines of an infinite sacrifice for sin are without foundation.

Hence faith in such a doctrine leads the mind into error, and consequently cannot harmonize it with justice.

God is self-existent and eternal—omnipotent in power—omniscient in wisdom—omnipresent in being, and perfect in goodness or love.

Hence all his works, when truly perceived, must reflect each and every perfect attribute.

Hence there can be no defect in his works without impeaching his attributes of wisdom, love or power.

Hence his works must be perfect, in the whole and in every particular, and his government must ultimate in the highest good of every immortal conscious being.

Hence all evil and suffering must ultimate in proportional good and happiness in respect to those who are the subjects of it.

It cannot be for the good of any being to be eternally wretched, nor can it conduce to the good or happiness of any other being that one should be eternally wretched.

Hence to charge such a result upon the ultimate workings of the Divine government, is to affirm that perfect wisdom, love and power have ultimated an eternal evil without a proportionate good.

Hence if sin and its effects are to be eternal in respect to any being, it will be because omnipotence could not, or perfect love would not, destroy or prevent the evil.

Hence if eternal suffering is the destiny of any being, God himself has sinned against love and truth in ultimating such a result.

The omnipotence of God must include all power that is.

Hence there can be no power outside of the Divine.

Hence all power in every department of existence must be a manifestation of God in that department.

Hence there can be no power antagonizing with omnipotence in any part of the universe.

Hence there can be no principle of evil at work, as opposed to the perfect laws of God in the universe.

Hence there is no personal devil at work in opposition to the Divine will in the universe.

Every finite existence in the universe is the product of the action of Divine power, manifested through the relations existing then and there, and which relations determined the law of Divine manifestation in the production of such finite existence.

Hence every finite existence is the product of a law or combination of laws which is fundamental to, and interwoven in, such existence.

Hence whenever relations are so changed as to prevent the true workings of such power, according to the law producing and sustaining such finite existence, such change of relations will tend to injure or destroy such existence.

Hence every finite existence has a law fundamental thereto, which law must be observed by observing the conditions of its action, in order to sustain and perfect such existence.

Hence when the conditions of such action are not observed, such law cannot be manifested in building up and sustaining such existence, but so far as it is manifested, must appear in antagonism—that is, must appear in changing such existence to suit new relations.

Hence all antagonisms have respect to change of condition or relation, and are a manifestation of the same power—adapting itself to the new relation—affecting a new condition.

From Tiffany's Spiritualism Explained.

Organization—Individualization.

The experience of man has been such, in respect to organization, that all prudent and careful men and women are beginning to have fears for the welfare of a cause when it assumes the shape of an organization; and they have just ground for fear; for the experience of the past has been such as to justify them in supposing that evils arise out of organizations. Their tendency usually has been to beget a party feeling, or that which corresponds in the organization to selfishness in the individual. It is natural that every individual should love himself better than others; and when individuals associate together, they acquire a spirit of individuality—a selfishness which pertains to their particular society or organization. Individuals who unite in religious organizations entertain a sort of selfishness in reference to their particular denomination. The Presbyterian, for instance, likes Presbyterians a great deal better than Methodists, and the Methodist likes Methodists a great deal better than Presbyterians, and prefers to bestow his favors upon Methodists. In fine, the general tendency of this kind of organization is to lay in men and women the foundation of a selfishness in addition to their natural or individual selfishness.

There are many reasons for the evil results of organization; and if we continue to organize upon the principles observed in organizations of times past, we may expect that the same evils will continue. I propose to inquire whether there is not a natural basis, and endeavor to discover the causes of evils for the past, so that we may know how to rectify them and guard against them in future.

Every operation in nature tends to individualism. From the moment you begin to watch matter, every process is found tending to individualization. The elements which now compose our bodies originally existed in a general unindividualized state or condition. The material elements of our bodies, and the media through which the material elements were controlled, in bringing them to their present position, existed originally in an unindividualized condition; and when each particle was brought under a certain process that it might receive vital affinities, it was with reference to the formation of an individualism. Nature labors constantly to organize and individualize, and you and I owe our individual existence to this tendency in nature; and the same law operates in society. The fact that there have been so many organizations, shows that there is a natural tendency to organize. The great difficulty attending all organizations has been the departure from the law of nature—the law of affinity or attraction—for Nature works by the law of affinity, never by the

law of repulsion or excretion. The law of excretion is only applicable to those elements which are to be rejected. External force has never been applied by nature to aid her. She does not bring external force to hold the elements of the tree or rock together, nor to hold together the organs of the animal.

Individualization is the result of an inward power which attracts one part to cohere with its fellow. Nature is very careful to observe the law of affinity; and the moment you bring any element which should not enter an organism, repulsion immediately operates to prevent its entrance.

Hate is at times defined to be a less degree of love, and love sometimes is very negative. Repulsion is also defined to be a less degree of attraction. A stone thrown into the air is drawn to the earth by the power of gravitation. But the balloon which is subject to the same law, instead of coming toward the earth's center, rises. It does not rise because the earth does not attract it, but because the atmosphere, for which the earth has a greater affinity than for the balloon, causes the balloon to recede and make room for it. The case of the balloon illustrates the law of excretion. The position which each particle is to assume in the system is determined by the vital affinities imparted to it in the stomach. If any particle loses its vital affinities, it occupies the position needed by some other particle; and the new particle accordingly displaces the old. But I wish to impress upon the mind the fact, that Nature's law of individualizing is that of affinity, and that Nature does not apply external force to build up her individuals. However, before any particle can be taken into an organization by the law of affinity, it must receive a peculiar impress or affinity, and an affinity suited to the particular organization into which it is to enter. It receives that affinity by passing through a natural process. If it enter without a vital affinity, it will enter in as a stranger, as a disturber of harmony; and the tendency of the organism will be to reject and throw it off. What we hear learn from Nature, we may apply to organizations, religious or otherwise. Each of us is a particle in society. But before we can be organized harmoniously, so that each shall be found in his specific place each must be prepared for that organism by receiving vital or spiritual affinity which is necessary for that organism. You can not make A, B, and C. into a community unless they have the true impulse, any more than you could go into the field and gather clay, sand, etc., and mold them together, and make a man or animal body. You can not hold men together in an organization by outward restraint, and have them fulfill the office of a genuine organization, suited to the development of the spirit. The method by which society seeks to organize itself is like the method by which God created our first parents. Each individual should be fitted to become a member of an organization by being placed where he will receive the appropriate vital affinity, and leave the affection of his nature to point out his true position, whether that of head, hand, or feet. The great difficulty in all past organizations is that the natural law has not been observed. Organizations have usually been formed with reference to exerting force, either moral or physical. They have organized by that which is external rather than internal.

The first requisite for an organization is a nucleus of the character of the organization you wish, which nucleus may consist of one, two, or half dozen individuals. The individual who is seeking to establish an organization must look for the nucleus in himself, not in his neighbor. The idea of looking out of yourself for an organization is all false. The idea that you must look to a distance for some being out of yourselves as a representation or reflection of the perfect attributes of Deity, is erroneous. The individual who feels the need of an organization, must first understand that that organization must be built up by the law of affinity; and that as each individual becomes a particle to be incorporated into the organism in his love and affection, he must grow to retain his position. The vital principle must be felt by himself. If he wishes to redeem the world, he must commence by redeeming himself. If he wishes help in redeeming the world from its various evils, he must first find in himself that spirit which he wishes infused into the helping association.

If a principle has not succeeded in saving me, I need not hope that it will save the world. Therefore, when we are about to organize a society upon any principle, the first thing to be ascertained is whether this principle has saved us. If not, we may just as well drop it. If a person wishes to form an organization to make the world Christian in faith and practice, you should ask him if he has been made a Christian in faith and practice. If he wants fidelity to truth and righteousness, ask him if he

is faithful to truth and righteousness. Let the individual be tried by that which he wishes to accomplish. If he can not stand the test, he is not the proper person for a nucleus for such an organization. Before one mourns over the lusts of the world, let him look after his own lusts. So in respect to every thing necessary to make a truly upright man, a man who shall live in all good conscience before God and the world, and before the inmost of his soul. Let him see to it that after he has made a perfect examination of his own breast, there is nothing found lacking.—Let him be so satisfied with his examination of his own character, that he will be content to have mankind redeemed up to the plane he occupies. Then let his life be the incarnation of the principle. Let the world, when they look upon him, be constrained to say, "He has been with Jesus," if Jesus is to be the model of the church. Let his life correspond exactly to the high and beautiful ideal of the church he is wishing to have established; and then an influence will go out from him which will become attractive to all who, like him, are thirsting for that life. He will find it unnecessary to throw out catechisms, because there will be the true affinity which will come forth from the character, and attract all who, like him, are hungering and thirsting after righteousness. Form a church by the application of external tests, and there will be conflict all the time; while concord will characterize one formed in accordance with the natural principle of organization.

Spiritualists have become very numerous. I doubt whether there is any other class of believers so numerous as those now known as Spiritualists. They now number millions, and they are men and women who have come from under the restraints of authority—of external law—a "thus saith the Lord"—and have assumed the prerogative of acting for themselves. One article of their creed has attached to them the name of "Spiritualists." They profess to believe that our disembodied spirit-friends are near to us, and hold converse with us; and when any one says that he believes in that, he is called a Spiritualist. That appears to be the only test. But that external belief or assent is not better as the basis of an organization than is the creed, "I believe that God fore-ordained whatever comes to pass." The idea that such an assent could be made the basis of an external organization is entirely unnatural and supremely ridiculous. If you should attempt to organize upon such a basis, you would be guilty of the error into which all previous organizations have fallen.

Many entertain the idea, that because we have overcome our blind deference to authority, refused to be ruled by the "thus-saith-the-Lord"—because we have come to the conclusion to examine all questions for ourselves—we have taken all the steps necessary for our own reformation and that of the world. But what has been the influence exerted by this new faith—New Philosophy as it is sometimes called—upon the lives and character of those who have accepted it. You say, perhaps, that when you drive all the church dogmas out of the way, there will be nothing in the way of redeeming man. So far as you are concerned, they are driven out of the way, and what has been done for you? How much better are you morally, religiously, than the man you call a bigot? You wish all the world to be converted to a belief in the possibility and actuality of Spiritual intercourse; but suppose that all the world are converted to this faith, what are they to gain if it produces no better fruits in them than in you? While we are trying to get the moles from our religious brother's eye, is it not possible that we have very extensive beams in our own? We are calling for organization to unite the moral power and energy of the millions of Spiritualists; but if the influence of Spiritualism has not served to redeem us, how are we to expect that it is to redeem the world? If Spiritualism does not save you, how are you to reproach the church for its inconsistency in sending its missionaries to convert the heathen to what they themselves do not practice—when even slave-holders are received to the bosom of the church, while the slave toils in the rice and cotton swamps of the South, while the babe is torn from its mother's breast. If the church were to turn round and point out similar inconsistencies among Spiritualists, what would the Spiritualists of New York reply?

Spiritualists should see to it that the work which is wrought in them by Spiritualism testifies what will be its work in others. If it does not touch their own character; if it does not make the false man true, the corrupt man better, what reason shall we give in favor of its being received by the world? We have Spiritualists enough to convert the world if they were only spiritualized. There is the difficulty. It is one thing to be a

Spiritualist, and a other thing to be spiritualized. What we want is something that shall take our Spiritualists and spiritualize them. We want to find some key which shall open up a fountain deeper in any man's soul than has yet been opened by these manifestations—which shall call out higher, holier, and purer aspirations after eternal life than have yet been called out. We all know this. We find every thing on the right hand, and the left to admonish us that when the whole world shall have been converted to our faith, it will be a bad world still. What then is needed is, that you and I set about a work which is peculiarly intrusted to us. We shall then redeem the world.

I must look for the coming of my Lord in my own affection. He must come in the clouds of my spiritual heavens, or he can not come for any benefit to me. I must place myself in that condition that shall invite him to come and reveal to me the way by which I am to be redeemed; and then I shall learn the way by which you and all mankind must be redeemed. When all my falsehood, injustice, selfishness, lust, appetite and passion are dead, and when the God of heaven shall live and work in me, then there will be laid in my soul the foundation of that true spiritual affinity which shall go forth, not seeking others to unite with me, but, of its own plenitude, uniting with me those who have the same affinity—uniting us stronger than any creed. We shall not then be obliged to ask permission to join or withdraw from such a church as we should establish, but each man would join or withdraw according to affinity or repulsion. Each man will stand upon his own responsibility. I shall not be responsible for you, nor you for me. I stand not here to give you Christian character, nor you to give me Christian character. Each man must have a communication for himself with the Fountain of all love and truth. We must all draw our water from the same well, and it will become in us a fountain springing up into eternal life.

Each must prepare himself for the kind of church he needs. Let each seek to redeem himself. The Spiritualists of New York and throughout the United States will be ready to form a church just as soon as they have prepared themselves to give forth the true affinity; and you will find that it will not be necessary to have any creed or catechism, any thing external by which to try the faith of this or any other movement. If you make up your mind to lead a true life, to speak the truth, to be pure and just—if you make up your mind that whoever comes within your influence shall breathe in of your truth and righteousness—you will find none will seek to come unto you unless they desire to breathe that atmosphere.

The difficulty of the old organizations has been, that no man or woman supposed it was necessary to make themselves the representatives of that which they believe to be necessary for the redemption of the world.—Their faith was not in their own righteousness, but in the righteousness to be wrought in somebody else. They worked to be righteous by proxy. They hoped to be saved by the righteousness of another. Consequently they organized upon an external basis, as their organizations were not based upon a true affinity of character. They did not understand that they must possess the true character, consequently they did not labor to attain it. The individual seeking to form a church only labored to form a creed. He did not suppose it necessary to form a character which he wished to have infused into the church. The world, however, can never be saved until the false opinion that it can be saved by the righteousness of another is done away. The world would put away its lusts, appetites, and passions, were it not that it loves them. Although they do not confer the happiness the soul feels it needs; they confer more happiness than they know how to obtain from any other source. Therefore the world is not willing to put away its lusts, appetites, and passions, and to become absolutely pure and just; and if you will offer them a religion which offers to save them from the consequences of sin, and yet permits them to continue in their sins, they will willingly pay for it, especially if its ceremonies and the decorations of the church gratify the taste. If they can have nice things in their churches, it is considered nearly as good as to put them in their parlors. But tell them these things will avail them nothing, that they must love their neighbors as themselves, that they must put away lust, appetite, and passion, and you offer them a salvation they are unwilling to accept.

New Zealand Theology.

The New Zealanders believe that heaven is divided into a great many compartments for spirits of different grades of good. The occupants of the

lowest compartments are fed upon nothing but flies; and this food not being sufficient to sustain spiritual life, they gradually dwindle into shadows, and finally pass away from existence. The inhabitants of the upper compartments are supplied with food of a more nourishing character. The entrance to the heavenly world is supposed to be at the extremity of a huge rocky cliff which projects far into the ocean at the eastern extremity of the island. When a death occurs, the spirit leaves the body, and flying with the velocity of a meteor to the cliff, enters the unseen gate. After having once entered and partaken of food, it is impossible for it to return to the scenes of earth. If, however, it refuses to partake of refreshment after its journey, it may fly back and re-animate its mortal frame.

A fanciful idea is blended with these superstitions. It is thought that the spirit of a person who resides in the interior of the island, carries with it in its flight to heaven, a leaf of the palm tree, to tell of its home; and the spirits of those who reside on the sea coast take with them the spears of a kind of grass which grows upon the shore. Before the spirit of a chieftain can ascend into heaven, it mounts the ethereal dome and its left eye is transformed into a star. The spirits of the dead may often be heard communing together by those who venture to approach the cliff where the entrance is supposed to be. They speak in the sigh and shriek of the storm, and the whistling of the winds; and sometimes they whisper to mortals in dreams.—*Portfolio*.

Does the World Improve?

The oldest English Catechism, of which we have any account, was called the "Master of Oxford's Catechism." Copies of which still exist.

The following extract of questions and answers will give some notion of its character, and of the condition of religious thought in the people by whom it was used.

Q.—Say we now, where was God when he made heaven and earth?

A.—I say in the further end of the world.

Q.—Whereof was formed the name of Adam?

A.—Of four stars; these be their names—Arcax, Derx, Arostolym, and Momfumbres.

Q.—Of what state was Adam when he was made?

A.—A man of XXX winters of age.

Q.—Of what length was Adam?

A.—Of four score and seven inches.

Q.—How long lived Adam in this world?

A.—Nine hundred and thirty winters; and afterwards in hell, until the passion of our Lord God.

Q.—What is the best herbs that God loved?

A.—The Rose and the Lilly.

Q.—Wherefore is the sun red at even?

A.—Because he goeth toward hell.

This Catechism was in use in the time of Henry V. Could it now be, there or here? Have we any College Professor who could write and publish such a Catechism? No. It is too far below the present condition of religious thought. Yet, theologians who encouraged the use of such books felt vastly wise. They had quite as powerful a consciousness of infallibility, and quite as keen and fierce a scent for heresy, as the most famous theologians of our time. They, too, were sturdy watchmen of the Present, who mourned as little for the Past. They, too, forbade men to preach or believe anything different from the established notions of religion, and they had faggots and fire to enforce their prohibition. So it is—and let the theological Mrs. Partingtons, stare, scold, lift up their hands with holy horror, and do battle, till their breath is gone, if they will—progress in thought is possible, and the world *does* move.—*Independent Press*.

Facts Vs. Fictions.

Inasmuch as caution is functional to the mind, and wisely adapted to the needs and conditions of life, conservatism and the philosophy it teaches cannot be wholly ignored nor become insignificant, however ridiculous soever its advocates may make it.

Were this possible, the crudities, angularities, and absurdities of the conservatives of all ages, would have shamed the philosophy of fear out of existence long ere this; but the world's experience has proved other things absurd as well as the "fogyism" of the conservative, and demands that we prove "all things, and hold fast that which is good."

This fact goes far to apologise for the conservative, where and when the mind is qualified to appreciate its value, and large and generous appreciation should be given by the candid thinker to this phase of human life and experience. Still the GREAT TRUTH should never be lost sight of, that the radical and reformatory facts of God's unfolding providence have ever eaten up and otherwise disposed of the conventional fictions, which fear and ignorance had conjured up and called into being.

Were this truth recognized as the central truth of history, a belief in the providence of God, would imply something like order and harmony of purpose in the development and mission of the ages and the reforms that moved and had a being in them.

These reflections have been called to mind by thinking over the issues that have been and are made on Spiritualism, some of which have been of late republished in the columns of the *Norristown Olive Branch*.

As, however, the editor of that paper is candid and liberal enough to allow its advocates to speak for themselves and vindicate the facts of Spiritualism, we will extract so much of a late issue as will illustrate the truth, that the radical facts of progress have ever been against, and are corrective of the fictions and fears of conservatism.

The writer having answered the assumptions of two theological gentlemen, meets their dogmatic detractions as follows:

"Mr. Ful on admits the phenomena of Spiritualism, I understand, but attributes them to evil Spirits. Is it morally impossible for good Spirits to communicate to man, and yet entirely possible for evil Spirits to hold communion? In other words, is the Spirit of angels and of God possessed of less power than the Spirit of demons? Absurd, Mr. Fulton.

But here comes "Presbyterus" with stereotyped objections to everything that has not the taint of age upon it. Spiritualism is false because it conflicts with some dogmas of the Church, or as he says, of Christianity. Spiritualism is not more opposed to the Bible than Geology and Astronomy were once supposed to be. This absurd notion of flinging the Bible into the path of all new discoveries, is becoming stale. Astronomy is false, said the Church, because it conflicts with the doctrines of the Bible. Geology cannot be true, said the bigots, because it does not tally with the Bible account of creation, at least it makes the world millions of years old, while the Bible commentators have decided it to be but six thousand.

So, "Presbyterus" comes with such an argument against Spiritualism. The very position which the Pope and his Cardinals assumed in order to demolish Luther and his doctrines. No, Presbyterus, Spiritualism must be met on its own merits, and decided upon its own ground, and if it be established, like Astronomy and Geology, the discovery will soon be made (by such men as "Presbyterus") that the Bible and Spiritualism harmonize most beautifully.

Let the public have the facts, and they will not be influenced by the asinine witticisms of a Fulton, or the prosy lucubrations and metaphysical jargon of a "Presbyterus."

SPIRIT.

Found by Spirits.

MR. DEMAS HINE, of Austerlitz, Mich., writing to the *New England Spiritualist*, relates the following interesting fact which, scrutinized, can scarcely fail to be regarded as demonstrating the interference of an *ab extra* Spiritual intelligence:

A Mr. Johnson, living a few miles from me, has become developed as a speaking medium, often under Indian influence. A few days since, he went into the woods and traversed backward and forward in almost every direction, in a black ash swamp, searching for timber—the snow being about one foot in depth, and almost as light as if newly fallen. After traversing the woods over, he went to several of the neighbors. Some day or two after, he missed from his pocket a bond, calling for a deed of a certain piece of land, on which he lived. He retraced his steps to his neighbors, in search of the lost article, but gained no intelligence in regard to it. He considered it useless to retrace his steps through the woods in search of it, as a light snow had fallen in the interval; but while at the house of his father-in-law, a mile or more distant from the swamp, a thought occurred that he might possibly gain some knowledge from an invisible source, through the process of writing. But this failed him, and he felt that further search would be waste of time. He stepped out of the door in order to go to his own house; but instead of going home, as he intended, an influence was thrown

over him before he left the step by his faithful Indian guide, and he was marched an Indian lope, almost on a bee-line to the black ash swamp, crossing his own track often, but paying no attention thereto, nor halting to take thought by the way till he was suddenly stopped. His hand was moved to brush away the newly fallen snow, and there he picked up the lost article, entirely concealed from human view; and (to use his own words) after dropping on his knees in the snow, and thanking a kind Providence, he went joyfully home.

Imaginary Evils.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow;

Leave things of the future to fate;

What's the use to anticipate sorrow?

Life's troubles come never too late!

If to hope overmuch be an error,

'Tis one that the wise have preferred;

And how often have hearts been in terror

Of evils that never occurred!

Have faith—and thy faith shall sustain thee—

Permit not suspicion and care

With invisible bonds to enchain thee,

But bear what God gives thee to bear.

By this Spirit supported and gladdened,

Be ne'er by "forebodings" deterred;

But think you how hearts have been saddened

By fear—of what never occurred!

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow;

Short and dark as our life may appear,

We may make it still darker by sorrow—

Still shorter by folly and fear!

Our troubles are half our invention,

And often from blessings conferred

Have we shrunk in the wild apprehension

Of evils that never occurred!

Personal Appearance of John Hancock.

One who saw Hancock in June, 1782, relates that he had the appearance of advanced age.—He had been repeatedly and severely afflicted with gout, probably owing in part to the custom of drinking punch—a common practice in high circles in those days. As recollected at this time, Hancock was nearly six feet in height and of thin person, stooping a little, and apparently enfeebled by disease. His manners were very gracious, of the old style, a dignified complaisance. His face had been very handsome. Dress was adapted quite as much to the ornamental as useful. Gentlemen wore wigs when abroad, and commonly caps when at home. At this time, about noon, Hancock was dressed in a red velvet cap, within which was one of fine linen. The latter was turned up over the lower edge of the velvet one, two or three inches. He wore a blue damask gown lined with silk, a white satin embroidered waistcoat, black satin small clothes, white silk stockings and red morocco slippers. It was a general practice in genteel families to have a tankard of punch made in the morning and placed in a cooler when the season required it. At this visit, Hancock took from the cooler, standing, on the hearth a full tankard and drank first himself and then offered it to those present. His equipage was splendid, and such as is not customary at this day. His apparel was sumptuously embroidered with gold, silver, lace and other decorations fashionable among men of fortune of that period; and he rode, especially on public occasions, with six beautiful bay horses, attended in livery. He wore a scarlet coat, with ruffles on the sleeves, which soon became the prevailing fashion; and, it is related of Dr. Nathan Jaques, the famous pedestrian of West Newburyport, that he passed all the way from that place to Boston in one day to procure cloth for a coat like that of John Hancock, and returned with it under his arm, on foot.

SPIRIT MINSTREL.

A new supply just received at the Literary Depot, Post Office.

Nov. 9 1855.

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T. S. HAKWS.